Thats by me wounded, both our remedies
VVithin thy helpe and holy phisicke lies:
I beare no hatred blessed man; for loe
My intercession likewise steads my foe.
Fri. Be plaine good sonne and homely in thy drift,
Ridling confession, findes but ridling shrift.
Rom. Then plainely know my harts deare loue is set
On the faire daughter of rich *Capulet*:
As mine on hers, so hers is set on mine
And all combind, saue what thou must combine
By holy marriage: when and where, and how,
VVe met, we wooed, and made exchange of vow:
Ile tell thee as we passe, but this I pray,
That thou consent to marrie vs to day.
Fri. Holy S. *Francis* what a change is here?
Is *Rosaline* that thou didst loue so deare,
So soone forsaken? young mens loue then lies
Not truely in their hearts, but in their eyes.
Iesu *Maria*, what a deale of brine
Hath washt thy sallow cheekes for *Rosaline*?
How much salt water throwne away in wast,
To season loue that of it doth not tast.
The Sun not yet thy sighes, from heauen cleares
Thy old grones yet ringing in my auncient eares:
Lo here vpon thy cheeke the staine doth sit,
Of an old teare that is not washt off yet.
If ere thou wast thy selfe, and these woes thine,
Thou and these woes, were all for *Rosaline*.
And art thou chang'd? pronounce this sentence then,
VVomen may fall, when thers no strength in men.
Ro. Thou chidst me oft for louing *Rosaline*.
Fri. For doting, not for louing pupill mine.
Ro. And badst me bury loue.
Fri. Not in a graue,
To lay one in, another out to haue.
Ro. I pray thee chide me not, her I loue now

Doth grace for grace, and loue for loue allow:
The other did not so.
Fri. O she knew well,
Thy loue did read by rote, that could not spell:
But come young wauerer, come goe with me,
In one respect Ile thy assistant be:
For this alliance may so happy proue,
To turne your houshelds rancor to pure loue.
Rom. O let vs hence, I stand on sudden hast.
Fri. Wisely and slow, they stumble that run fast.

Exeunt.

Enter Benuolio *and* Mercutio.

Merc. Where the deu'le should this *Romeo* be? came hee not home to night?
Ben. Not to his fathers, I spoke with his man.
Mer. Why that same pale hard hearted wench, that *Rosaline* Torments him so, that he will sure run mad.
Ben. *Tibalt*, the kinsman to old *Capulet*, hath sent a letter to his fathers house.
Mer. A challenge on my life.
Ben. *Romeo* will answere it.
Mer. Any man that can write may answere a letter.
Ben. Nay, he will answere the letters maister how he dares being dared.
Mer. Alas poore *Romeo*, hee is already dead, stabd with a white wenches blacke eye, runne through the eare with a loue song, the very pinne of his heart, cleft with the blinde bowe-boyes but-shaft, and is hee a man to encounter *Tibalt*?
Rom. Why what is *Tibalt*?
Mer. More then Prince of Cats. Oh hees the couragious captaine of Complements: he fights as you sing prickesong, keeps time distance & proportion, he rests his minum rests, one two & the third in your bosome: the very butcher of a silke button a dualist a dualist, a Gentleman of the very first house of the first and second cause, ah the immortall Passado, the Punto re-